THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

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ALPHONSINE D'ARGENNES;

OR,

THE VICTIM OF AMBITION.

In Continuation.

"In a short time, however, I was recalled by the festivals given in honour of the King's marriage; and this period I may term the happiest of my life, as it was then I had the pleasure, Mademoiselle, of first beholding you. The first word I heard you utter, convinced me I had never really loved Mademoiselle de Fienne, and that I had never before felt a real passion. The jealousy she wished to excite in my breast, and which she could never accomplish, I now felt all its force: all those who approached you gave me umbrage; every man seemed better qualified to please than myself, but none appeared worthy of you. The Count de Puymarais struck me more than any other; his attentions alarmed me, and his reputation in the world made me fear that he had gained your affections. He was at liberty to offer you his hand, and this was an advantage he possessed over me; as after what had passed between myself and Mademoiselle de Fienne, I could not, during the Prince of Aumale's life, propose any thing to you but a private marriage; but to this my delicacy and respect for you could never have consented.

"Mademoiselle de Fienne, however, returned; she engaged her father to conclude her marriage, and the day was fixed by him and the Prince of Aumale. Thus pressed by circumstances, I declared my refusal; my reasons were asked, but I maintained an obstinate silence, which drew on me my father's anger. My conduct, the cause of which was known to no one, was universally blamed, and yet the moderation I shewed towards a person who deserved it so little, was deserving of some praise. Thus, Mademoiselle, we are judged by the world.

Delighted at finding myself free again, I thought of nothing but you; I flattered myself that you would be able to read my conduct, and that you would discover yourself to be the principal cause: my joy, however, was but of very short duration; your averted looks, the sound of your voice, overwhelmed

me with apprehension. Shall I, however, dare acknowledge it? Will you pardon me this reflexion, when I tell you that what you said respecting mademoiselle de Fienne led me to imagine that I was indebted to her for the treatment I received from you? This thought softened the bitterness of my vexation at your conduct, because I determined to confide to you all that had passed between that young lady and myself; and full of my intention, I repaired the next morning to Madame St. Clare's where I had the mortification of learning that you had departed for Reigny. I, however, resolved to follow you thither; every thing was prepared for my journey when I received a note from Frigeac, inviting me to meet him the next morning in a retired spot at the extremity of the town. I fancied that he was probably sent by Mademoiselle de Fienne, who, perhaps, finding herself free, had conceived the hope of uniting herself to him, and that he was desirous of consulting me on the subject: I was, however, greatly mistaken; on my arrival, he made me the most violent reproaches on my having forsaken a young lady who was so tenderly attached to me. "She is acquainted," added he, "with your affection for Mademoiselle d'Argennes, and it is by her command that I have requested this meeting, in order to give you some light into that young lady's character." "Permit me, Mademoiselle," added the Chevalier de Fontange, "to pass over in silence what he had the audacity of adding. Hitherto I had only answered him with the greatest contempt; but when he dared mention your name with disrespect, I could no longer contain myself. I told him he was a despicable wretch, unworthy of the friendship I had shewn him. He replied, by making me recollect that I owed him my life, and instantly rushed on me sword in hand, without giving me time to defend myself. I received two wounds, and just was going to receive a third, when I drew my sword and wounded him; and disarmed, he fell to the earth. I give you your life, said I, in my turn, and thus I am freed from the obligation of owing any thing to such a villain as yourself.

"During this time, my wounds bled profusely, my strength began to fail me, and I should perhaps have been the traitor's victim, whose wound was very trifling, if some peasants, who happened to be passing, had not ran to my assistance. They carried me to a neighbouring house, which, by a fortunate chance, belonged to a man who had formerly been a servant in our family. I intreated him to inform the Count de Ligny, with whom, from my infancy, I had been united in the strictest friendship, of my situation. My wounds, which at first were tho't very dangerous, took a favourable turn, and soon I was pronounced in

a fair way of recovery. I was well acquainted with the Count de Ligny's discretion, and determined to confide all my late adventures to him.

"We agreed that he should send a messenger to Reigny, to obtain an interview with you. I could have wished to have written to you, but had my strength permitted me, resolution would have failed.

"Our messenger departed, but soon returned with the news that you were not at the Abbey, but had accompanied Madame St. Clare to Fargeville. He proceeded thither, but all his attempts to see you were in vain, as he was denied admittance; he added, that the Count de Puymarais was at Fargeville. This intelligence drove me to despair. How could I flatter myself that the slender interest you had displayed in my favour, would withstand the aspersions of the world, and the constant attentions of my rival?

"The Count de Ligny used every method to console me: I wished, weak as I was, to go myself to Madame St. Clare's: but my exertions, and the continual agitation of my mind retarded my cure. To complete my misery, the Prince of Aumale was taken ill, and died without granting me his pardon, which I had humbly solicited. The calumnies of Figeac had made him inexorable on my account, and I only awaited the re-establishment of my health in order to punish that wretch, when a more pressing interest deferred my vengeance.

"The Count de Ligny, who had been attending the court at Versailles, three days ago entered my apartment with a lively countenance:—"Rejoice," said he, 'the Count de Puymarais, this dreaded rival of yours, is about to be married to the Constable's sister. I have heard him myself communicate this to the King."

"What!" shrieked Alphonsine, "the Count de Puymarais married!" and fell senseless to the ground. The Chevalier de Fontange, greatly alarmed, called for help. The Abbess hastily entered, and what was her surprise on beholding her friend, reclining, in a state of insensibility, in the arms of a stranger! Her first thought was to assist her. Though every means were practised for her recovery, our heroine remained for a considerable time before she opened her eyes, when looking around, she beheld the Chevalier de Fontange kneeling before her, and holding one of her hands, on which a tear now and then fell.

"Ah! fly, leave me, Chevalier!" she exclaimed, in a feeble voice, "what I have heard has destroyed my peace for ever."

"I leave you!" replied he, "no, never: I shall repine with grief if you refuse to share with me a

fortune which I only prize because I am at liberty to offer it to you." Tears and sobs prevented Alphonsine from replying; at length recovering herself, she said with difficulty:

"Hear me, and be convinced that I am a thousand times more wretched than yourself. The Count de Puymarais is my husband; but through the death of my friend, and the curate who united us, I am unable to prove my marriage; and now that my honour requires it to be divulged, you inform me that he is indissolubly engaged to another. Judge then of the cruelty of my situation."

"I perceive it but too well," exclaimed the Chevalier, "I am no longer permitted to speak to you of my affection, but this shall not prevent me from avenging you of the villain who has so basely betrayed you."

"Oh! no," she hastily exclaimed, "you say you esteem, you pity me, and yet you propose taking vengeance against him to whom I have pledged my faith!" "You love him then, madam," replied the Chevalier, in a mournful voice, "nothing but affection could restrain a revenge so lawful as yours."

"His conduct will not make me swerve from my duty; he will be the father of an unfortunate creature who will call me mother. Should I not respect his life, and would I expose yours? Farewell, Sir, heaven will compassionate my unhappy fate, and will, if necessary, avenge my wrongs, without the aid of man. Farewell; let us never meet again.

The Chevalier de Fontange, to whom compassion had endeared Alphonsine the more, could not leave her forever without experiencing the most poignant sorrow.

Our heroine remained very much indisposed for some time after this scene had taken place. Two months after this she was delivered of a son, and as soon as her health would permit, she wrote to the Count de Puymarais, to inform him of its birth: all her repugnance having yielded to the desire of persuading him to acknowledge his child; nothing was forgotten in this letter that could excite his pity, and recall him to his duty, but all in vain. She received no answer. However humiliating was her conduct, she resolved to stifle her own feelings for the good of her child, and continued to supplicate him without effect for six months, which was the term of her son's life.

When the first agony of her grief at its loss was over, she wrote to Puymarais the following letter:—

"The death of my child has severed every tie which united me to you. I have left no means un-

tried to save him from the shame you have attached to his birth. For this cause alone I have so frequently applied to you, without having been able to shake your criminal insensibility. May repentance one day implant that virtue in your breast which you know so well how to assume, whilst your heart is the seat of the most odious vices."

After having dispatched this letter, Alphonsine considered herself free, and resolved to take the veil at the Abbey of Reigny. She had passed two months of her noviciate, when the woman who had first conducted her thither arrived, accompanied by an old gentleman who wore the order of Malta. They requested to speak to the lady Abbess, and the young lady who had been formerly placed under her care, under the name of Mademoiselle d'Argennes. Madame de Royan, on hearing their request, said, "She is in this house; her parents wishes are fulfilled; she is a nun."

"Oh! Madam," hastily exclaimed the old gentleman, "has she taken the vows?"—"In one month, Sir, she will pronounce them."—"No, no, they must be dispensed with. She must quit the cloister, and console her mother for the loss of her husband and son, of whom death has deprived her nearly at the same time. Mademoiselle d'Argennes will not refuse to enjoy the fortune to which these events entitle her, and which will make her one of the richest heiresses of the kingdom. Permit me, madam, to speak to her; I am her uncle, and as such, I trust she will not refuse my request."

Madame de Royan immediately sent for the young novice. As soon as she entered the parlour, her uncle informed her that she was daughter to the Duke de Joyeuse; that the desire of rendering her brother a rich and powerful nobleman, had determined her parents to have her educated within the walls of a cloister, and to wish her to take the veil. But that heaven had prevented their unjust project; that her brother, whose licentious life had ruined his health, had died a victim to debauchery; and that his father, overwhelmed with grief at his loss, had not been able to survive him. "I have witnessed his sincere repentance," continued the old gentleman, "and received his last requests. Come then, my dear niece, and take possession of the immense fortune he has bequeathed you; and endeavour to forget the injustice you have experienced, and which I should have opposed with all my might if I had had the slightest suspicion of it."

"What you inform me of, sir," replied Alphonsine, will induce me to assume the name to which I am entitled; but nothing can compel me to renounce the resolution I have taken."—"But you

have entered into no engagements, since your vows are not yet pronounced." "My vows would bind me in the eyes of others; but my own firm resolve, and the veil I wear, are sufficient engagements in my own opinion."

[*To be concluded next week.*]

LITERARY.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. ELIZABETH CARTER

By the rev. Montague Pennington, M. A.

(Concluded.)

"After the publication of her Epictetus," says Dr. Pennington, "Mrs. Carter's circumstances became so easy, that she was no longer wholly dependant on her father, though she still resided with him whenever she was at Deal, which she always considered her home. But she was now enabled to live for several months, every winter, in that part of London which she never afterwards quitted. She thought herself more independent in lodgings, as well as more at her ease, than she could be in visiting any friend's house, many of whom would have gladly received her; she therefore engaged a small but neat apartment, in Clarges-Street, Piccadilly, in which she lived many years. In 1762, her establishment in the country was put upon a different footing: her brothers and sisters were all married and of course had left their father's house, (except his youngest son, her pupil; and her youngest sister, who both married soon afterwards) and he lived in a hired house at Deal, subject, from different causes, to the inconvenience of frequent removals. She tho't it best, therefore, to buy a house for herself, in which her father might live with her. Her mother in-law, with whom she had always lived upon very kind and friendly terms, was now dead; and the task of keeping her father's house, had devolved upon her; she performed it as she did her other duties: and to one of her dearest friends, who lamented the trouble which this arrangement gave her, she made the following reply, with her usual modesty and good sense: "I am much obliged to you for the kind partiality, which makes you regret my giving up my time to domestic economy; indeed I have but very little employment of that kind, in a very private and retired family. Yet it is proper that I should be rather more confined at home, and I cannot be so much at the disposal of my friends, as when my sister supplied my place. As to any thing of this kind hurting the dignity of my head, I have no idea of it, even if the head was of much more consequence than I feel it to be: the true post of honour consists in the discharge of those duties, whatever they may be, which arise

from that situation in which Providence has fixed us, and which, we may be assured, is the very situation best calculated for virtue and our happiness."

We need make no comments on sentiments so just and pious as these, nor will our limits admit of further eulogium. We shall, therefore, conclude this brief sketch of a subject so interesting, with a passage which may not be altogether unacceptable. Speaking of the formation and establishment of a society called the Blue Stocking Club, Dr. Pennington gives the following account of the origin of the name, as well as brief sketches of the characters there assembled:—

"But though it is true that Mrs Carter did not particularly seek for, or cultivate the acquaintance of men of letters, merely as such, yet she frequently met with many of great note at the houses of her friends; especially at Mrs. Montague's splendid table, she saw a great variety of persons, eminent in various ways: and at Mrs. Vesey's, the friend of them both, and the delight of all who knew her, there were frequent evening meetings, without form, of persons of both sexes, distinguished either for learning or genius. To these parties it was not difficult for any person of character to be introduced; there was no ceremony, no cards, and no supper. Even dress was so little regarded, that a foreign gentleman, who was to go there with an acquaintance, was told, in jest, that he might appear there if he pleased in blue stockings; this he understood in the literal sense, and, when he spoke of it in French, called it the *Las Blue* meeting—and this was the origin of the ludicrous appellation of the Blue Stocking Club, since given to these meetings, and so much talked of. Nothing could be more agreeable than these parties—Mrs. Vesey had the almost magic art of putting all her company at their ease, without the least appearance of design. Here was no formal circle to petrify an unfortunate stranger at his entrance—no rules of conversation to observe—no holding forth of one, to his own distress, and the stupifying of his audience—no reading of his works by the author—the company naturally broke into little groupes, they talked, or were silent; nor was it absolutely necessary even to talk sense. Here was no bar to harmless mirth or gaiety—and while, perhaps, Dr. Johnson in one corner held forth on the moral duties; in another, two or three young persons might be talking of the operas, or the fashion; and, in a third, Lord Orford (then Mr. Horace Walpole) might be amusiug a little party with his lively wit, and intelligent conversation. Here were to be seen, at different times, some who once seen, can never be forgotten; Mr. Burke, Mr. afterwards Lord Pery, who was Mrs. Vesey's

intimate friend; Mr. Maty, Lord George Lyttleton, and sometimes his son, who, with his usual inconsistency, seemed to take pleasure in the society at Mrs. Vesey's, Mr. Garrick, Mr. Mason, Mr. now Sir William Pepys, Mr. Cambridge, Mrs. Boscawen, Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore, Mrs. Hannah Moore, Mr. J. H Browne, Mr. Langton, Mr. Cole, Mr. Bowdler, Dr. Burney, with a long catalogue of other persons of note, eminent for character or literature, or else aspiring the acquaintance of such as were."

We cannot close this pleasing sketch better, than by adding the following remark, by an author, who, with all his faults, mingled a thousand inimitable beauties:

"A mild and sweet tempered old man, or woman, whose mind is rather chaste than severe, and whose manners are discreet rather than grave, is the most graceful ornament which humanity can boast, and the most effectual agent which virtue can employ."

When you *must* yield, do it gracefully—when you must perish, do it courageously—when you must reject, respect the feelings of those who suffer, and preserve your own from sufferance.

Prudence and good behaviour, are like small change, always in use.

To the Editor of the Lady's Miscellany.

Sir.

Though I am not enough a disciple of Pythagoras to believe in the doctrine of metempsychosis; or so credulous as to put implicit faith in the numerous idle stories circulated, relative to the appearance of supernatural beings: still as the following account has been substantiated by many, and being a curiosity in its way, I have transcribed it verbatim, from *Waldron's description of the Isle of Man, page* 107, and if you think it will conduce to the amusement of any of your readers, you are welcome to give it publicity in the Miscellany. Yours, &c.

O. W.

Kip's Bay, August 7, 1809

"The ancient castle of Peeltown, in the Isle of Man, is surrounded by four churches, now ruinous. Through one of these chappels there was formerly a passage from the guard-room of the garrison. This was closed, it is said, upon the following occasion.—They say that an apparition, called, in the Monkish language, the *Mouthe Doog*, in the shape of a large black spaniel, with curled shaggy hair, was used to haunt Peel-Castle; and has been frequently seen in every room, but particularly in the guard-chamber, where as soon as candles were lighted, it came and lay down before the fire, in presence of all the soldiers, who at length, by being much accustomed to the sight of it, lost great part of the terror they were seized with at its first appearance. They still, however, retained a certain awe, as believing it

was an evil spirit, which only waited permission to do them hurt; and for that reason forbore swearing and all profane discourse, while in its company. But though they endured the shock of such a guest when altogether in a body, none cared to be left alone with it; it being the custom, therefore, for one of the soldiers to lock the gates of the castle at a certain hour, and carry the keys to the captain, to whose apartment, as I said before, the way led through the church, they agreed among themselves, that whoever was to succeed the ensuing night his fellow in this errand, should accompany him that evening first, and by this means, no man would expose himself singly to the danger, for I forgot to mention, that the *Mouthe Doog* was always seen to come out from that passage at the close of day, and return to it again as soon as the morning dawned; which made them look on this place as its peculiar residence. One night a fellow being drunk, and by the strength of his liquor, rendered more daring than ordinary, laughed at the simplicity of his companions, and though it was not his turn to go with the keys, would needs take that office upon him, to testify his courage. All the soldiers endeavoured to dissuade him from it; but the more they said, the more resolute he seemed, and swore that he desired nothing more than that the *Mouthe Doog* would follow him, as it had done the others; for he would try if it be dog or devil. After having talked in a very reprobate manner for some time, he snatched up the keys, and went out of the guard-room; a short time after his departure, a great noise was heard, but nobody had the temerity to see what occasioned it, till the adventurer returning, they demanded the knowledge of him; but as loud and noisy as he had been at leaving them, he was now become sober and silent enough; for he was never heard to speak again; and though all the time he lived, which was three days, he was entreated by all who came near him, either to speak, or, if he could not do that, to make some signs, by which they might understand what had happened to him; yet nothing intelligible could be got from him; only that, by the distortion of his limbs and features, it might be guessed that he died in agonies more than is common in a natural death. The *Mouthe Doog* was, however, never after seen in the castle, nor would any one attempt to go through that passage; for which reason it was closed up, and another way made. This accident happened about sixty years since; and I heard it attested by several, but especially by an old soldier, who assured me he had seen it oftener than he had then hairs upon his head."

There is more safety in being brave, than in being cowardly.

VARIETY.

HUMOUROUS ANECDOTE.

Doctor T——was considerably advanced in years, and rather deaf. An old college chum had for many years made a convenient point of visiting the doctor, or rather a visitation of a few weeks, to the doctor's hospitable mansion, where he always found a hearty welcome; although, being of the leaky sort, he was not the best suited for a sober man's companion; but the doctor's good-nature overlooked what he did not wish to have seen in his old chum. This gentleman arriving at the doctor's on an evening when he had company, with many of whom he was acquainted, was in such high spirits from the circling glass, that he could not refrain from an attempt to pass a joke at his friend's expence. The doctor was engaged with some ladies at a card-table, while the gentlemen were regaling with the bottle. The visitor hinted his intentions, and was advised against it; but persevering, he moved to the back of his friend's chair, and raising his voice loud enough for the doctor to hear, enquired if his old favorite, black-eyed Betty (who made the doctor's bed while at college) was alive and well. The doctor would not hear, and continued his game with the greatest composure; but the ladies could not forbear tittering and laughing, which encouraged the visitor to repeat his enquiry a little louder. The doctor, rising deliberately from his chair, said he was sorry his chum could not make it more agreeable to stay longer, but would order the servant to bring out his horse; and, taking up his silver bell from the table, he rang until his housekeeper appeared, to whom he gave directions about his chum's horse being ordered out. As soon as the noise of the bell would permit, the visitor wished to explain, saying his friend misunderstood him, nothing in the world being farther from his thoughts than being in a hurry to go away as he had come purposely to stay a week or two with him as usual. The doctor, however, still turned a deaf ear; begged his friend not to apologise about making so short a visit, and again set his bell to work, for the servant to bring the gentleman's great coat, as he was in a hurry. At every interval of ringing the bell and giving orders to hasten bringing the horse, the visitor attempted an explanation; but the doctor, with a composed pleasant countenance, (while the whole company were ready to burst with endeavours to refrain from laughing) as often repeated his request, that his friend would not make so many apologies about the matter, fairly hurried him out of the house, saw him mounted, wished him good night, and assured his chum, that when he could make it agaerable to stay longer, he should be glad to see him again.

ACCOUNT OF LONGEVITY,

With some remarkable circumstances attending it.

In St. Martin's church at Leicester, there is an epitaph on Mr. John Heyrick, who died the 2d of April, 1589, aged 76, expressing, "that he lived in one house with Mary, his wife, 52 years, and in all that time buried neither man, woman, nor child, though he had sometimes twenty in family. That his wife lived to be 97 years old, and saw children, grand-children, and great-grand children, to the number of one hundred and forty-seven."

CURIOUS ANECDOTE.

A sailor, who had been many years absent from his mother, who lived in an inland county, returned to his native village, after a variety of voyages to different parts of the globe, and was heartily welcomed by the good old woman, who had long considered him as lost. Soon after his arrival, the old lady became inquisitive, and desirous to learn what *strange things* her son John had seen among the mighty deep. Amongst a variety of things that Jack recollected, he mentioned his having frequently seen flying fish. "Stop, Johnny,' says his mother, "don't you try to impose such impossibilities on me, child; for, in good truth, I could as soon believe you had seen flying cows; for cows, you know John, can live out of water. Therefore tell me honestly, what you have seen in reality, but no more falsehoods, Johnny." Jack felt himself affronted; and twirling his quid about, when pressed for more curious information, said, prefacing it with an oath, "mayhap, mother, you wont believe me, when I tell you, that, casting our anchor in the red sea, it was with difficulty we hove it up again, which was occasioned, you see mother, by a large wheel hanging on one of the flukes of the anchor. It appeared a strange old Grecian to look at, so we hoisted it in; and our captain, d'ye see, being a scholar, overhauled him, and discovered it was one of Pharaoh's chariot-wheels, when he was capsized in the Red Sea." This suited the meridian of the old lady's understanding. "Aye, aye, Johnny, (cried she) I can believe this, for we read of it in the bible; but never talk to me of flying-fish."

Whimsical Misapprehension.

Mr. Harriot, in his "Struggles through life," relates the following anecdote:—"Mrs. W——, a lady resident in India, having prevailed on her husband to send home for an English footman, to wait upon her, which his interest had managed, George made his appearance while I was there. It was a custom in India, at that time, as soon as dinner was removed, for some of the palanquin bearers to bring

in a large bason and ewer of water, with which they attended behind every chair; when each person putting his hands at the back, one of the men poured water on them from the ewer, while another held the bason underneath. George, who had noticed this mode for a day or two, willing to shew his attention by waiting upon his lady himself, took the ewer from the palanquin bearer, and was continuing to pour the water on his mistress's hands, notwithstanding she called out to him to desist, and speaking in Moors, as she thought to the Moormen, saying, "Bus, bus, ge."* But George did not understand the Moorish tongue, and being doubtful whether it was plain English, he continued pouring, but watching a repetition of what his mistress said. The lady likewise being engaged in relating something laughable about men wearing whiskers, was not very attentive to the water-pouring: but recollecting herself, turned her face half round, saying, rather smartly, "Bus, bus, ge, I say." On which poor George, thinking he could not mistake her meaning, very sheepishly put his chin close to her shoulder, whispering, that "he would with a great deal of pleasure, if his master were not present." I believe no one heard besides the good lady, and she thought it too good a joke to keep to herself; therefore as soon as she could refrain from excess of laughter, she explained the whisper, to the great entertainment of the whole company, poor George excepted, who was obliged to retreat.

* "Enough, enough, you."

SALE OF WIVES.

A Shoemaker, of the name of Smith, residing at Kensington Gravel Pits, some time since, sold his wife in Smithfield for *five shillings*.

A Jew, residing in petticoat-lane, sold his wife in Smithfield market, with the customary appendage of a *halter*, to an Irish labourer, for *three shillings*.

At Billingsgate, a weaver sold his wife to a sailor, for a *pint of gin and a gallon of porter*.

THE DOMESTIC GUIDE.

For Inflammation of the Eyes.

Take the white of an egg, into which put some powdered camphor and white sugar, beat it up till it froths, and make it into a poultice; spread it upon a fine linen rag, and apply it at night.

For the same.

Steep the crumb of an English roll in fresh spring water, inclose it between two rags, and bind it across the eyes at bed-time. The application of this repeatedly, for

about a week, will effectually remove the inflammation.

To prevent Chilblains.

When the parts begin to itch, rub them with a few drops of volatile alkali, or tincture of benzoin; repeat it every day, and the symptoms will soon disappear.

Warts

May be removed by the application of sal ammoniac dissolved in water.

Chopped hands.

The pain of this troublesome complaint will be speedily relieved by the following preparation:—— Three drachms of bole armenia, three drachms of myrrh, and three drachms of white lead, pounded; these ingredients must be mixed up with goose-grease, or sweet lard, and rubbed on the hands at night, covering them with soft silk gloves.

Or take equal parts of benzoin and storax, dissolve them in sufficient quantity of spirits of wine, and drop a few drops into very pure water, with which you may wash the hands occasionally.

Redness of the eye-lids; or, blood-shot Eyes

Take some hyssop, and tie it up in a bit of muslin, put into hot water, and bathe the eyes with it three or four times a day, keeping it moderately warm. Dragon's blood, powdered, may be put in the water.

For curing pimples and carbuncles.

Water in which salt-petre has been dissolved is a safe and easy remedy.

Or you may make use of the following:—Take flowers of sulphor and refined salt-petre, of each half an ounce; good white precipitate, two drachms; pound these to a fine powder, and mix them well, then lay them aside for use. When wanted, mix a small quantity with some scented pomatum, and anoint the face at night.

Preventative for the Rheumatism.

Tho' the following expedient is simple, we have reason to believe it effectual. It was related to us by a venerable matron, whose experience convinced her of its efficacy. It is carryin in the pocket a piece of roll brimstone. The person alluded to was subject to, and had suffered much, by siatica and rheumatism, until she adopted this remedy; and she has been exempted from them both ever since she employed it.

Tren. paper.

In England there is an unrepealed law to inflict a punishment or levy a fine on such persons as absent themselves from their parish churches for more than a limit-

ed time. A man in a village in Surry, being a defaulter, the parson threatened the punishment unless he came to church; in consequence of which, the man went regularly afterwards during the sermon, and advancing up the middle aisle, pulled off his hat, saying, "Your most humble servant, Mr. Parson; your most obedient, Sir; you see I am come to church, Sir; good bye t'ye, Sir; I'll come again next Sunday," and he paid his addresses in this manner, till the parson was tired of his visits.

BEAUTIFUL ALLEGORY.

Happiness and virtue are twins which can never be divided. They are born and flourish, or sicken and die together. They are joint offsprings of good sense and innocence, and while they continue under the guidance of such parents, they are invulnerable of decay.

The bow that is always bent, will suffer a great abatement in the strength of it: and the mind of man will be too much subdued, humbled, and wearied, should it be always intent upon the cares and business of life, without the allowance of something whereby it may divert and recreate itself. But then, as no man chuses to make a meal of sweatmeats, so we must take care that we be not excessive and immoderate in the pursuit of those pleasures we have made choice of.

MARRIED,

At Newark, on Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Willard, Mr. James Bowne, of this city, to Miss Eliza Wilson, daughter of Robert Wilson, deceased.

On the 27th ult. at Newport, Kentucky, Lieut James W. Bryson, of the U. States infantry, to Miss Ann Martin, daughter of Major Martin, keeper of Military stores, at the same place.

At Portland, Mr. William Harper, of the United States navy, to Miss Margaret Jackson.

At Jay, (Me.) Mr. Soloman Goodale, to Mrs. Elizabeth Gore, aged 72 years.

DIED,

On Monday last, at his seat at Lebanon, his Excellency Jonathan Trumbull, Esq. Governor of the State of Connecticut, aged 69

At Hudson, last week, Mrs. Margaret Livingston, widow of Peter R. Livingston, of Livingston Manor, aged 72 years.

On the 31st ult. at the Female Academy, Bethlehem, Penn. in the 14th year of her age, Miss Mary Lathrop, daughter of Thomas Lathrop, of Norwich, Conn.

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Our City Inspector reports the death of 56 persons, during the week, ending on Saturday last.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

JUVENUS'S TRANSCRIPTS.

THE GIRL TO PLEASE ME

"The girl's a pretty girl who has
cheeks like the rose,
And teeth as fair ivory white;
Whose soft, pouting lips a rich ruby
disclose,
With a bosom that's form'd for de-
light—
But the lass to please me,
Superior must be,
To these beauties must yet add a store;
While I yield to her sway,
She might seem to obey;
And with passion's soft charm,
All resistance disarm,
With twenty things more.
She must sue me,
And woo me,
And kiss me,
And please me,
And prattle from morning till night.

The girl's a pretty girl, who with mo-
desty's blush
Can teach her soft visage to glow;
And her ardent desires with prudence
can hush,
And conceal what she wishes to
know.
But the girl to please me,
She honest must be,
All my faults and my follies deplore;
She must love to excess,
And melt at distress;
To joy or despair,
Yield a smile or a tear,
With twenty things more—
She must bless me,
Caress me,
Nor ever repress me,
But love me from morning till night.

The girl's a pretty girl, who with me-
lody's art,
And a tone that's to sympathy true,
With the song of a syren can soften the
heart,
And the soul of the soundest subdue.
But the girl to please me,
Contented must be,
Nor sigh when these triumphs are o'er;
She must quit fashion's school,
And make wisdom her rule,
And with love that's refin'd,
Prove chaste, constant, and kind;
With twenty things more—
Though she never be gay,
She shall drive care away,
And be happy from morning till night."

From Godwin's Passaic Album.

ON PASSAIC.

Written by a young Lady of Brunswick, New-Jersey.

Prone to admire the ever-changeful
scene,
Which Nature opens to the observant
eye,
To tread, delighted, the enamell'd green,
And gaze, with rapture, on the star-
ry sky.

To trace the murmuring stream's retir-
ing shore,

And, stretch'd along its banks, to linger there;
Or startling, catch the torrent's distant roar,
Or climb where rocks their towering summits rear.

Here, 'mid these wilds, we wind our devious way,
And trace each path remote from human ken;
Beneath the shadowy rocks now pensive stray,
Now wander thro' the deep entangl'd glen.

Hark! the loud tumult of the water's roar!
Behold yon foaming stream's impetuous tide!
See headlong dash'd upon the rocky shore,
The oak, all shatter'd, once the forest's pride

Exhaustless flood! no interval is thine;
Each day, each night, still hurrying thro' the vales,
No winter's icy bands thy course confine,
No Summer's blaze thy glittering tide exhales.

Ceaseless the thunder of thy rumbling waves,
Here silence ne'er a residence has found;
Unwearied echo answers from her caves,
And shakes the hills and hanging cliffs around.

For ages shall these roaring waters glide,
These rocks succeeding ages shall remain;
While a few years shall stop the purple tide,
That now with ardor swells the youthful vein.

Yet rocks the ruthless hand of time shall feel;
E'en ocean's self, in years, shall roll away:
Eternity on man has stamp'd the seal,
That gives the promise of eternal way.

CHLOE'S SMILE,

AN EPIGRAM.

From morn to eve, throughout the day,
My Chloe was serenely gay;
I romp'd with Philis; all the while,
Nothing disturb'd my Chloe's smile!
The next day came—the morning lowr'd,
Our schemes were cross'd, out tempers sour'd;
Still Chloe smil'd, I said,
"Can nothing vex this lovely maid?"
Too soon a tooth, by luckless blow,
Was shook from out the pearly row,
And though time soon had heal'd the pain,
My Chloe never smil'd again!

ON THE DEATH OF A COBLER.

Old Crispin full many a weary day pass'd,
In repairing the *soles* of his neighbours—
But his *awl* was worn out, and his *end* broke at *last*,
In spite of his *waxing* fast labors.

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